

JACKSON COUNTY SENTINEL

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ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

JACKSON COUNTY BOY IN WASHINGTON.

Is Confident That Germany Will Be Defeated.

Washington, D. C.
July 17, 1918.

Dear Editor:

I have been contemplating writing a letter to your paper for quite a while, and by some means or other I haven't found time to do so.

I expect some one has been wondering where I have hidden myself, because I had not appeared in town for sometime, but I must confess I haven't exactly been hidden, however, I must say I surely was not very conspicuous up here among so many prominent men of the nation.

I came to Washington D. C., last November, being appointed clerk in the War Department, and I have been here ever since, not considering a short visit home the last of June.

I think the city of Washington one of the most beautiful cities in the U. S. Situated on the north bank of the Potomac river and covering almost the entire District of Columbia, crowned by the Capitol Bldg., seated upon Capitol Hill and overlooking the city, it presents a panoramic view pleasing to the eye, be it of an aesthetic nature or not.

Among the many historic buildings and places of visit are: The Capitol, the most magnificent structure of architecture we have to exhibit; the Executive Mansion, where stays our President who guides the affairs of the nation, as a pilot does his machine while floating among the clouds; the State, War and Navy Bldgs.; the Treasury Dept.; the Post Office Dept.; the Washington Monument, towering 555 feet above the city, and many, many other places to visit by sightseeing tourist, who come here from miles away to visit the Capitol of the U. S.

There are always many things new to greet the tired clerk as he wends his way home from the office after a days work is done.

I have been here seven short months, but don't know how soon I will be called to the field. I want to do my part and I can't say how proud I am to see the people back there in Tennessee share the burdens, which have fallen upon us and the whole world. It makes a fellow feel proud to know that the "Old Volunteer State" still does credit to the name she won in times now gone into history.

Let us all say: Germany can be beat, Germany must be beat, Germany will be beat.

I know it makes a sad parting when those brave fellows start, but let us think what our duty is and how we will feel when the boys come marching home again.

I know the people back there will feel proud because they will have done their part.

I would like to see a letter from many of my old friends back there in Jackson county, especially my old teacher associates, as I am always am interested in the schools and the welfare of education.

Hoping I may be excused for this hastily written letter, and if this is ever printed and I get time I will come again.

Sincerely,
Lilburn Owen,
521 4th Street,
Washington, D. C.

OUR BOYS "WITH THE COLORS"

Camp Pike, Ark.
July 4, 1918.

Dear Editor:

I will write you a few lines in regard to army life. It is not as bad as some say it is, but it is not like home. But Uncle Sam needs us more than we are needed at home, therefore we must do all in our power to help win this horrible war. We boys are just beginning to do our part, and I pray God to help us gone on and fight this war to a victorious conclusion.

What has become of my old vacant chair at Meagsville? I hope it will be waiting for me when I return.

We boys are having a good time considering everything. We are under another quarantine now and can't go out anywhere.

I would be glad to hear from all my friends, and I will do my best to write to all of them, but my time is limited and I don't have the time to write as often as I would like to. We drill nine hours a day, and when we come in and get cleaned up it is time for supper and retreat.

This is a very good place now, but there is room for improvement. We have plenty to eat, but the cooking could be improved, but I am getting accustomed to it and the food.

Before leaving for camp I heard people say, they couldn't understand why it took so much money to run our government. If they could visit one of these camps they could readily understand why it takes so much money. There is about 40,000 men in this camp, and when you stop to consider what it cost to feed them one meal, you can understand something about the vast amount of money needed.

Come on everybody and help win this war, for Uncle Sam cannot do it by himself. He has got to have help, or his efforts will be in vain.

One of the prettiest sights I have seen since arriving at camp, was the soldiers marching who are well trained. It is sure pretty and made ashamed of myself, but I am going to be like them some day.

We have meeting here every few nights, and plenty of good entertainment that helps us wonderfully.

We have the best of officers, who treat us fine.

Come on friends and do all that you can, and will do the same.

Meagsville don't fail to write to the Sentinel each week and the news.

W. C. Whitaker,
Co. B. 1st Reg. Replacement Troops.

Camp Pike, Ark.
July 6, 1918.

Dear Editor:

I will write you again. We are sure having some hot weather, and we are getting tanned by this Arkansas sun. If the Kaiser could get a glimpse of this camp he would call in his soldiers and yell at the top of his voice the "Star Spangle Banner" for ever.

This is a fine camp and it sure keep clean and nice. The American army makes war on dire as it does on the enemy.

It has been almost six weeks since I came to this camp. We have never been out of the camp, having been under quarantine. We will get to go to Little

Rock sometime soon.

I wonder how everybody in dear old Jackson county is getting along. She should feel proud of her boys in khaki. There is not any superior to them in the Union for fighting. Our motto is "get them first," and when we get to France the fur is going to slip from Kaiser Bill. The beans and beef are making strong soldiers and that is what we want.

I haven't drilled very much, as Selt Hackett and I work in the canteen together. All of the Tennessee boys are making good. We are all just like brothers.

Granville give us all the news from that section each week. You can't understand how glad we are to hear from home.

Clarence Harris,
Co. B. 1st Regt.

Jackson County Boy Will Fight Huns in Air

Gerstner Field,
Lake Charles, La.
July 13, 1918.

Dear Mother and Papa:

I have just arrived here. Have been sent down here to put on the finishing touches and I am sure glad, because I am to try to fly the fast little scouts that are flown on the front. You will understand that only the best flyers are chosen for this work, so I am proud to be here. But the course is long and I may be here some time. It seems like I never will get "over."

This is a level swampy country near the Gulf and the aviation field is 20 miles out. It costs \$5 to go to town, so I will not be out here often. When I get my commission here I will probably get a leave.

Sure hated to leave Dallas for more reasons than one.

This is where Mayor Mitchell, of N. Y., was killed.

Was glad to hear that old Jackson county went over the top in every respect. She has sent her best to the front and is going to stand by them. It will always be home to me, and the best people on earth live among her hills. I have been to almost every state in the Union, but Sunny Tennessee stands out in "Red Letters" to me.

Don't worry about me. You ought to be glad I have good health and the nerve to do what I am, to me the crisis of this great fight. We have to live in the present now.

Love to all,

Lieut. Herbert Fox,

(NOTE)—Herbert Fox is a Jackson county boy. He was an all round school boy and a fine athlete. He held a fine position with the American National Bank, Nashville, which he resigned, Dec. 15, 1917, to enlist with the aviation corps.

He first went to Austin, Texas, where he received his ground training and graduated with honors in eight weeks. From Austin he went to Dallas, Tex., for practice flying. He was sent to San Antonio from there and he did his first solo flying on Kelly Field. He was then sent to Rantoul, Ill., where he received his commission. From there back to Dallas as an instructor, and from Dallas to Lake Charles La., for more advanced work. He was one of the fifteen

Aviators to fly over San Antonio in honor of McAdoo. He has made several cross country trips over Illinois and Indiana, and from Dallas, Tex., to the Gulf of Mexico. He flew over Chicago in the Aviator's parade and dropped literature in interest of Liberty Bonds and W. S. S.

He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Fox, formerly of Granville, now of Cookeville, and grandson of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Fox, of Gainesboro R-3.

Praises Y. M. C. A. and Red Cross.

Jackson County Boy in France Tells of The Way They Serve the Soldiers.

Somewhere in France,
June 15, 1918.

My Dear Mamma:

Well another month is half gone. The time certainly does fly by over here. I will soon be gone a year. It seems like it has been longer than that, but don't seem like I have been over here 4 months.

You will soon be through with your crop and then you can just have a good time and drive around. I suppose you can drive your Ford by now, fix punctures and change tires, and that is about all the trouble you will ever have with it.

I have been working some since I came back from the Truck Driving. We are having real good weather here now, a little cool every morning but soon gets warm.

I went to a town near here a few days ago, and went through an old Temple that is one thousand and ten years old. It was built for King Phillip. The walls are 15 feet thick and winding stairs go up through the walls. I believe I have told you before that all the buildings are made of stone or concrete and the barns are built with the houses.

I hear that some people say the Y. M. C. A. and Red Cross are no good. If they were over here I am sure they would change their minds. If we did not have them here we would not enjoy life at all. We would not be able to get anything to read and could not buy anything we like that comes from the States, and wouldn't have anything for amusement at any time. I am going to a moving picture show to night at the "Y". They are the best things that you all can do for the boys over here. They go the front line trenches and everywhere else that the boys go. There are lots of times that we wouldn't be able to get writing paper, if it was not for the "Y." I don't know so much about the Red Cross. I have some things that they gave me, and they certainly did come in nicely. There isn't anything lost when you help them you are helping the boys over here that need it and appreciate it. They are certainly the best friends that the soldiers have in Europe. I look to the "Y" for what I want. It is the only chance to get it I have over here. I hope none of the people there will forget to help us while we are over here, and we can help ourselves when we get back.

With love to all
Your boy,
Jim Draper.

Somewhere in France,
June 18, 1918.

Dear Comer:

I hope this will find you well and getting along all O. K.

I am in a very pretty country. It reminds me of home, as it is hilly. I have seen many pretty places, and have enjoyed my trip over here fine.

Write to me soon and tell me all the news, for I am always glad to hear how things are going at home.

Your brother,
L. E. Stafford,
Headquarter Co. 6th U.
S. Inf. American E.
F. via New York.

Somewhere in France,
June 14, 1918.

My Dear Mother:

I will answer your most kind and welcome letter, just received. Was more than glad to hear from you. I am feeling fine and having a good time. Hope you are well and enjoying good health.

You needn't worry about the money. I sent it a day or two before I left New York, and it I don't get it, that's all right. Money wouldn't do me any good here, for the French talk like geese, and you can't tell them what you want, you just have to go and get it.

The French girls are pretty, but they are not like the girls at home. They can't speak our language at all, but they say the American boys are their baby dolls.

I would give five francs to just look at a five dollar bill, as the money here is all different. It looks funny to me, especially the ten cent bills.

I am sending you a French flower, which grows in abundance here, and makes the country very pretty now.

I haven't seen Herman Haile in several days.

Hoping to hear from you soon I close.

Your loving son,

Henry C. Trisdale,
Co. I. 117 Inf.

U. S. Military Corps.

A military man can immediately tell to what division a soldier belongs by glancing at the cord on his hat, but to the average citizen the color of the hat cord denotes little or nothing. It is an interesting feature to be familiar with especially now when so many soldiers are seen all over the country, and anyone who takes the trouble to learn the following list will be rewarded by being able to satisfy his own curiosity respecting any soldier he happens to see without having to ask questions: A cord of light blue signifies that the wearer belongs to the infantry; red denotes artillery; yellow cavalry; buff quartermaster's corps; red and white, engineer's corps; orange and white, signal corps; red and black, ordnance, black and white, field clerk; maroon and white, medical corps; black and gold, officers; silver and black, adjutant-general's clerk; green, instructor home guards; and green and white, home guards.

Just Back from the Front.

Airman John Purroy Mitchell said at a San Diego dinner:

"It's hard to make the slacker understand his slackness. A brawny slacker of a tramp knocked at the kitchen door of a farm house and whined out a request for food.

"Young man, said the farmer's wife, 'you ought to go to the front.'

"I did go to the front lady," the slacker answered, 'but I couldn't make nobody hear me, so I come around to the back;'"

"IT IS NOT TRUE," SAYS JUDGE SWIGGART.

Replies to Charge Made Against Shields.

(Nashville Banner)

Judge W. H. Swiggart of Union City, one of the best known and most respected citizens of the State of Tennessee, has written a letter to Thomas N. Greer, one of Shields' campaign managers, in regard to the attack made by Gov. Rye on Senator Shields and upon John Vernon Verhine when the Governor charged Verhine with being a "slacker" and Senator Shields with having aided him to dodge the draft.

Judge Swiggart's connection with the case gives him an intimacy with the true facts which makes his statement clearly understandable and which shows up the insidiousness of Rye's method of attack in his race for the senate, in which he spares no efforts to destroy the character and good name of any person or persons who may be opposed to his candidacy.

Judge Swiggart shows that young Verhine was first drafted and turned down on account of physical disability, later being placed in class I for limited service. Judge Swiggart says that "it is not true that Vernon Verhine is a 'slacker', nor that he was unwilling to submit to the rulings of the military authorities. It is not true that any fight was made by Senator Shields or myself to have this man dodge the service of his country. It is not fair or just to say that in taking this course, he was a slacker or a dodger."

Judge Swiggart's letter, which completely scores a knockout against the Rye campaign on this alleged "issue," gives the entire transaction. It shows how Tennessee's chief executive has distorted the facts in abusing a young man serving his nation to the best of his ability in this time of crisis. The letter clearly establishes the falseness and the slanderous character of Gov. Rye's charges and reveals in its real aspect the plane upon which the governor is waging his campaign.

Judge Swiggart's letter is as follows:

"Union City, Tenn., July 14,—Hon. Thos. N. Greer, Nashville, Tenn.

Dear Sir: Being requested by you to make a statement of what I may know touching the attack made on Senator Shields by Gov. Rye in his speech at Lebanon, as reported in the Tennessee of July 15, in connection with the Vernon Verhine case, and without any wish or purpose to be drawn into the controversy, I state the following facts:

"Young Verhine was reared here and practically in his father's store, and is of light weight and small build, and is a good book-keeper and accountant. In the first draft last summer he was rejected on the ground of underweight and physical unfitness. In the last draft he was put in class one. Having been advised that he might secure a position in the navy yards or in the Emergency Fleet Corporation, in the service of the government, and for which he was much better fitted than for service in the field as a soldier, he went to Washington and was employed in the Emergency Fleet Corporation and entered upon the service in that department on about March 25, 1918. On March 30 notice was issued by the local board requiring him to appear for military duty on April 1, but this notice was not received by him for several days though I think it came to the hand of his father in due course. The question arose as to whether he was entitled to be placed in the list of those engaged with the Emergency Fleet Corporation and thus his enlistment in camp be deferred as was prescribed in the selective service regulation sections 158-155, as issued by the government. On

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